

THE HAWAIIAN GAZETTE

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In Memoriam.

The Right Rev. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SELBY, D. D.,
First Bishop of New Zealand, 1841 to 1881,
afterwards Bishop of Lichfield.

Born, 1806. Died April 12, 1881.

Let him go, as he has done his work.
He leaves no church in our care—
To his care no one can be lost—
Such health a Bishop, every man a man.

Few are the Pains we know in these times;
To live life is virtue, and vice;
Few longer, hardly longer, change of climate—
The early Christian Bishop's ways who died.

Though many a Christian soldier, now as then,
Has no hard service—maged in another land,
In the same sphere—ever seen—
Wrapping with darkness, death, disease, despair.

And could his trials be best remedied,
More, than ever seen, but what we deplore
Was of more grace, if no greater, need.

What in this light and shadow as most move,
Baptized the soul with what life, what name,
Stand all else of the creature kind.

A Christian soldier, with eyes bright of love,
Honor of steel, a sword as the Wolf.

Large field of pain in the broad-chested Briton,
From head to heel, every sin in sin.

A wide field here and there no man name,
Courage that rules of land and sea in se'e.

And with such strength of spirit like strength of will;
A poor soul he was but nothing more,

Courage he had, to face his fate;

And place in it's world, as well as try.

He died forth across the ocean wave.

He died with a smile, in peace, in ease.

The white man's strength, still growing, yet gone,

Baptized in death with Most jets.

As rough as he was going, to meet.

The cause of tribe or clan to these waves.

Not dead now but his paperweights they speak.

And here lies the Bishop, saint, between the sea

Of Cross and Crosses and Sins, all gone,

Resting the Christian name high and fair.

The Soul, the Garage, in all else apart.

Both owned the Christian courage, Christian soul.

And Christian innocence of soul.

With which the Bishop, gives all for either's soul.

Until his day was done, and he was free.

His wife will remember to say his will.

To give the love, and to let the sun,

And set to laboring work the strength and skill.

His strength was broken from campaigns,

And weak men could a hand or two set him.

And saints and saints in the wilderness.

Rest of the soul, good will to man.

As though his heart, his work, his soul,

The love given, living, now gone, yet gone,

And blossomed down in golden sky and earth.

But who will remember to say his will.

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